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## THE WHISTLER.

BY CHARLES H. SEE.

*Days have their time to break and make again,  
The patient doctor bathes them to cool.  
The soldier soldiers when his work is done,  
But then, oh, here, bathes me time again,  
To while.*

*We know where Hugo will play his turn or two,  
And Dingley his regular show.  
We know when comes the doctor, tick-toe-tum,  
But, like it, then has all time for three or four  
Or while.*

*When old piano base worn out an air,  
And piano ends have worn it very bare,  
With cracked mouth don't eat the syrup,  
And when our players play, they should never say  
We're.*

*Long after hours daily have gone to bed,  
Waited with belling for three-daily bread.  
Then, oh, try, low-down, midnight bird,  
Mad hares impudent will be heard  
Whistling.*

*I left her blue—she the shrill-souled wren,  
For "the quiet plain that never saw the sun,"  
Then, when I went, she followed the culture's care,  
Vain of the feathers, "I'll produce the ten,  
Oh, while."*

(Dolton Free Press.)

## A Gentle Word is Never Lost.

"A gentle word is never lost,  
Gives them, then, release me;  
It shows the heart when temper-cooled  
And takes the cause that brotherhood  
Is sometimes overdone my way,  
Changes weary right to day,  
And hope and hope doth loose.  
A gentle word is never lost—  
They will forever need it;  
With peace and comfort speed it;  
Then drive the shadow from the cheek.  
A softening well receives it.  
With gentle words we speak."

## The Way it Works.

Speaking of the Shorter Catechism reminds me of an anecdote once told me by a Kentucky minister, and which he said had been heard from the lips of "Tom Marshall" himself. Mr. Marshall, in conversation with him, remarked that he would never try a case, of the rightfulness of which he was in doubt, before a jury in which there was a single Presbyterian—"I would challenge him and have him struck from the list." The minister was surprised, and asked an explanation. He answered,

"I will tell you, sir, why I will not, I was associated once in an important case—a doubtful case—with Mr. Crittenden, and when I came to see the jury, all of whom I knew, I was surprised at its constitution—three were Presbyterians, two were Baptists, three were Methodists, and three were of the big church of the world.

Instantly I made up my mind as to my course. One of the opposing counsel addressed the jury first, and made an able speech, carrying the whole twelve with him. Crittenden followed with an eloquent speech, and I could see that some of the jury wavered, but not one of the Presbyterians. Then the other opposing counsel spoke, and the wavering went with him. I made the closing speech. First, I addressed myself exclusively to the three of religion, and I soon saw I had them; then to the three Methodists, and I soon saw I had them; then to the three Baptists, and I soon saw I had them. And then I turned to the three Presbyterians; but I could do nothing with them. I redoubled my efforts, and if I was ever eloquent in my life I was then, and I saw they appreciated what I said. But over their faces was written as clear as light just this: Capital! Capital! Mr. Marshall! but to the law and the testimony! and I was in despair. When I sat down, I turned to Crittenden and said, We have lost our case." How so? Why have there are three Presbyterians on the jury who are against us, and they will carry the other nine with them. And it was as I expected; and upon inquiry, I found that the nine were for us when they retired, but the three Presbyterians brought them over. Now, sir, you know the reason."

"Well, Mr. Marshall, to what do you attribute the conduct of those Presbyterians?"

"Why, sir, to the way you confounded Presbyterians drill your children in the Short Catechism."

The AGE OF WONDER.—A large establishment has been opened in St. Louis for drying eggs, and is operated by hundreds of thousands of dozens. The eggs after being carefully inspected by light, are thrown into an immense receptacle, where they are broken, and by centrifugal operation the white and yolk are separated from the shells, very much as liquid honey is taken from the comb. The liquid is then dried by heat by a patent process, and the dried article which resembles brown sugar, is put in barrels and is ready for transportation. The dried article has been taken twice across the Equator in ships and then made into omelets and compared with omelets made from fresh eggs in the same manner, and the best judges could not detect the difference between them. Is this not an age of wonders? Milk made solid; cider made solid; apple butter made into bricks. What next?

An Arkansas soldier who was wounded at the battle of Buena Vista, asked an Irishman to bear him off the field. The latter did so by assisting him to mount, and strapping him on his horse. Pat getting astride in front of him. During the ride, the soldier had his head taken off by a canon-ball, unknown to Pat. Arriving at the surgeon's quarters, the Irishman was asked what he wanted. "I brought this man to have his leg dressed," said Pat. "Why?" replied the surgeon, "his head is shot off." "The bloody limb!" exclaimed Pat, looking behind him. "He told me he was shot in the leg."

The other day a would-be-fashionable lady called at a neighbor's at what she thought would be supper-time. "Come in," said the neighbor; "we are having a tableau." "I am so glad," said the visitor, "I thought I met 'em, and I like them better than any thing for supper."

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An old proverb says that the nail lasts longer than the hammer. This is probably the only consolation the under-most man in a fight has.

If what Mr. Beecher says is true, we've been good all these long years.

## Origin of Lynch Law.

## How a Doctor got his Promised Reward.

In Campbell county, Virginia, on the Roanoke river (then called Staunton river,) during the old Revolutionary war, when there were some Tories of obnoxious character still remaining in the country not reachable by any statutory law. Col. Charles Lynch, supported by Capt. Robert Adams, his brother-in-law, both farming on adjoining plantations, and — Callaway, determined to rid the country of such dangerous enemies, seized, on different occasions, three of the worst of them, tied them to a tree and flogged them so severely as to prompt an uncomon departure from the State, as they were ordered. This sort of procedure on the part of Lynch and his friends proved so effective in Campbell was quickly followed in other counties, where loyalty to King George, some times provoked summary punishment, and it was called "Lynch law," and has been to our day:

The snatches of an old song of the time is still repeated in the neighbor hood:

*Blame it to Captain Bob, Col. Lynch and Callaway,  
Leave it to a Tory and will he ever pay,  
And turn them loose to rove,  
Changes weary right to day,  
And hope and hope doth loose.*

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